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UNRIGHTEOUS ABUSE
DETECTED AND CHASTISED,
OR,
A VINDICATION
OF
INNOCENCE AND INTEGRITY,
BEING
AN ANSWER TO A VIRULENT POEM,
INTITULED,
THE PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION.

By MARIA DE FLEURY.

SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

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UNRIGHTEOUS ABUSE, &c.

- "Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou
"also be like unto him.
"Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be
"wise in his own conceit. Prov. xxvi. 4, 5.
"Thy tongue deviseth mischiefs, like a sharp razor,
"working deceitfully. Thou lovest evil more than
"good; and lying rather than to speak righte-
"ousness. Thou lovest all devouring words, O
"thou deceitful tongue." Psal. lii. 2, 3, 4.

WHEN silver Cynthia crowns the night,
With lucid rays of genial light,
Dispelling darkness, (antient fire),
Forc'd by her presence to retire,
And all the splendid, starry train,
Shed their soft influence o'er the plain.
Night looks august, and nature gay,
Nor mourns the absence of the day.

But hark ! I hear a doleful note,
The village cur, with open throat,
Yells horrid. In unconscious gaze
He views the scene with much amaze.

He barks ! he howls ! and with fell rage,
 A noisy war he dares to wage :
 The hills reverberate the sound ;
 He leaps ! he rolls upon the ground !
 While the fierce light'ning of his eyes,
 Defiance darts against the skies.
 Did wings upon his shoulders grow,
 He'd prove a formidable foe.
 But now, alas ! with all his pain,
 He can but roar and rage in vain ;
 While the bright moon glides gently by,
 In solemn, silent majesty,
 Along the star-pav'd milky way,
 Nor heeds the idle rage of Tray.
 So, Charles, thy mighty malice rages,
 Thou wisest of our modern sages :
 Great Poet, little elves like me,
 Must from thy presence surely flee,
 Or frightened stand, to hear thee tell
 The dark conspiracies of Hell ;
 Of arms and war, of strife and treason,
 To rouse our passions, drown our reason ;
 Of riots, flames, and Massaniello,
 And vast crusades you loudly bellow :
 Then summon all, throughout the nation,
 To cry down this ASSOCIATION ;
 This host infernal, who declare,
 'Gainst Popery eternal war ;
 And in the cause of true RELIGION,
 Dare venture forth with a PETITION !

In

In vain you rage, and fret, and foam,
 With your Associates, Hell and Rome ;
 Truth shall prevail, and raise her head,
 When Hell and Rome, and you, are dead.
 And, lo ! ASSOCIATION stands,
 The bulwark of these favour'd lands,
 Superior to your frowns and spite,
 And all the slanders you can write:
 They smile at shafts of language rude,
 Secure in conscious rectitude ;
 With peaceful breasts your malice view,
 Contemn your rage, and pity you.

On that great, memorable day,
 Whose fame no time shall wipe away,
 When PROTESTANTS, with hearts sincere,
 Did in St. George's Fields appear ;
 Glowing with zeal, yet gravely sage,
 To meet the Phoenix of the age ;
 And thence attend their President,
 And humble pray'r to Parliament.
 Here let a blush adorn thy face,
 In token of repenting grace ;
 For, lo ! you deal in falshoods gross,
 And go from bad, to worse and worse :
 For none, you say, of all the throng,
 Which to the Wesleyan bands belong,
 Did to Truth's azure banner come,
 Associate 'gainst the pow'rs of Rome.

A 3

But

But here, beneath the preacher's vest,
Behold ! the liar stands confess ;
For this is false, I must declare,
As brother B—— himself was there ;
Nor only he, a goodly train
Forsook the city, sought the plain ;
Men whose respected names appear
In the long list, and witness bear,
That thou, old man, art forced to fly,
To the mean refuge of a lie,
'To aid thy song, and favour win,
Nor fear'st to wade thro' thick and thin.

What thanks shall the Associate Band,
(Whose fame has echo'd through the land)
Or tribute pay, great bard, to thee,
Whose pen confers such dignity ;
Whose mild rebukes in meekness flow ;
'Tis great to kindly treat a foe.

Fiends, rebels, regicides, and traitors,
Are names too good for these Rome haters ;
Sure, if we look for charity,
A perfect model lives in thee :
And yet some foolish folks are crying,
Not perfect love, 'tis perfect lying.
Why then these epithets bestow !
They're false, and rash, they're mean, and low ;
And call for proof ! if none you deign,
Alas ! your fury raves in vain.

Hush !

Flush ! saucy Muse ! to Wesley's song
 Implicit credence must belong ;
 Inquiry must stand silent by,
 When WESLEY speaks, who DARE reply !

That Riot raised her frightful head,
 And building burnt, and numbers bled,
 We know, and can the fury trace,
 By memory, from place to place.
 Nor did they need the Foundry bell,
 At twelve months end, to ring their knell,
 But whence arose this fearful flame !
 Where shall we fix so foul a blame !
 From Hell we own the fury sent,
 But who stood forth the instrument !
 O ! did not faithful conscience speak,
 And blushes crimson o'er thy cheek ?
 Did not thy trembling hand once start,
 And shame arrest thy throbbing heart,
 When thy invidious, venal pen,
 First bid fair Truth farewell ? and then,
 In Malice dipt, prophan'd the Muse,
 Association to abuse ;
 Tho' Reason, Truth, and Providence,
 Unite to prove their innocence.

When he, whose worth and honour'd name
 Shall long employ the trump of fame,
 Shall live embalm'd in British hearts,
 Long as the genial sun imparts

Light, cheering comfort, heat, to bless
 And crown the earth with fruitfulness.
 When He, confined, a captive lay,
 Malice did all its rage display;
 And while the moon eight journeys took,
 Search'd diligently ev'ry nook,
 And look'd with Argus eyes around,
 If in three kingdoms could be found,
 Ought which could prove this awful ruin,
 To be the noble Briton's doing.

What was th' event ! enough to shew,
 That spite did all that spite could do ;
 Tho' fell their rage, and warm their plea,
 Supported by foul perjury,
 His innocence superior rose,
 And triumph'd o'er an host of foes.
 Th' important cause was heard at large,
 A full acquittal from the charge
 Was by a British Jury giv'n,
 'Mid the applause of Earth and Heav'n.

Was then this mighty devastation,
 The work of the Association !
 If so, did awful Justice nod !
 Or Mercy hold aside the rod !
 That forty thousand traitors known !
 Conspirators against the throne !
 Still live unpunish'd ! still live free !
 Unchalleng'd their integrity !

Justice

Justice would through such mercy bleed ;
 Such policy were lame indeed.
 But sure our rulers are more wise,
 And blest with more discerning eyes,
 Than to adopt a step like this ;
 They are not blind, if Justice is.
 We then may this conclusion draw,
 Our skilful pilots surely saw,
 The storm arose from other quarters,
 Than Protestant Associators.

O let us cast a transient eye,
 On those whom Justice doom'd to die,
 Who dar'd their neighbour's rights invade,
 And have the deadly forfeit paid.
 A num'rous banditti indeed,
 For whom not Mercy's self could plead.
 But NO ASSOCIATORS ! mind,
 Not ONE had the Petition sign'd ;
 Not ONE, by hope of life inspir'd,
 Gave the least hint that he was hir'd ;
 Or in the least connected was,
 With Protestant Petitioners.
 If on the words of dying men,
 We may dependence place, O ! then
 We find a testimony here,
 Full of conviction, strong and clear,
 And the associated band,
 Must free from imputation stand,

While Life and Death unite, to shew
It was not them, who gave the blow.

Or shall we think, among this croud
Of wretches, so untaught and rude
Of either sex, a mingled mass,
Both young and old of lowest class,
So high a principle could be,
Such noble, firm integrity,
That sooner than with treach'rous breath
Betray their friends, they'd sleep in death,
Lock up the mighty secret there,
And in one common ruin share!
Had this been done in Greece or Rome,
Some lofty pillar, stately dome,
A solemn, monumental pile,
Erected with laborious toil,
Had rear'd its head half way the skies,
So strange a thing to eternize.

But if this credit cannot find,
'Tis plain to each impartial mind,
The riots which disturb'd the nation,
Came not from the Association;
But stands from them remov'd away,
Far as the night's remote from day;
Or east from west; nor can be join'd,
But by malicious art, combin'd
With errant falsehood, to abuse
Unthinking mortals, who refuse

Their

Their reasoning pow'rs to exercise,
And chuse to see with others eyes.

Whence then arose this mighty ill,
Which did each breast with horror fill !

From Hell and Rome the tempest came,
Which broke in this tremendous flame ;
Those faithful friends, those sworn allies,
Long practiced in conspiracies ;
Whose noble deeds, from age to age,
Shine brilliant in th' historic page :
They grace the records of our nation,
And loudly plead for Toleration.

These saw, with spleen, Britons unite,
For darkness always hates the light ;
They saw the friends of church and state,
With pious zeal associate,
To testify their loyalty,
By guarging both from Popery ;
And in defence of pure Religion,
Determin'd humbly to petition.

Hell trembled at the hated sight,
And blacker grew the realms of night ;
Rome, struck with terror and dismay,
Began to cast her hopes away :
And, lo ! these loving friends agree,
(Confed'rate in iniquity)

With force united to oppose,
 And pour their vengeance on their foes.
 Their cunning soon resolv'd the way,
 To send, on that appointed day,
 An active troop, of forward zeal,
 Prepar'd to execute their will ;
 Obedient children of the see,
 Nurs'd in the schools of Popery ;
 Who would not start at fire or blood,
 If that is for the church's good !

These were design'd by Popish wit,
 Outrageous tumults to commit ;
 As zealous Protestants t'appear,
 And Riots standard high uprear,
 To spread confusion far and wide,
 And still their vile abettors hide,
 Behind the worthy name of those,
 To Rome and Riot equal foes ;
 That so, their guilt's foul imputation,
 Might stain and crush th' Association.

'Twas done, nor need I here relate,
 A tale which mem'ry can repeat ;
 But say, what advocate could sue,
 For that most vile papistick crew !
 Who on the dread confusion led,
 Whose guilty hands destruction spread !
 And fix'd the flaming fury there,
 Where late they bow'd their knees in pray'r !
 Who

Who carried havock far and wide,
 (While many in the ruins die'd.)
 Discover'd in a happy hour,
 Arrested by the hand of pow'r.
 How kind was Mercy to forgive
 Their crimes ! and let those wretches live,
 Loth to encrease the num'rous dead ;
 But Justice blush'd, and hung her head.

Among the rest, one monster see,
 Plung'd deep in this iniquity ;
 Zealous to aid his mother's cause,
 In bold defiance to the laws,
 Destruction spread wher'er he came,
 Thoughtless of danger ; but the flame,
 More swift, though not more mad than he,
 Rebuk'd his rash temerity.
 Sure, when he felt the pungent smart,
 Terrific guilt must strike his heart,
 With conscious dread of future woe,
 But Mercy turn'd aside the blow,
 Accepts, (to pardon ever willing)
 The mighty forfeit of a shilling :
 And now he lives, expos'd to shame,
 And *Martin* is the wretch's name.

We bow to Heav'n's almighty Lord,
 And would with grateful hearts record,
 The wonders of his Providence,
 Which stopp'd the raging violence

Of

Of this Hell hatch'd, tumultuous storm,
 Rais'd by the subtle craft of Rome ;
 And pleas'd, remember, while we sing,
 The prudent conduct of our King,
 Whose gallant troops made riot flee,
 Excus'd by dire necessity.
 But dare not, WESLEY, join with thee;
 In panegyrics of flattery :
 'Tis fustian, when with falsehood join'd,
 And can but please the little mind.
 From motives mean and base it springs,
 'Tis poison in the ear of kings,
 Which often works them bitter woe,
 The Muse should scorn to stoop so low.

How must we mourn thy want of grace,
 While we the bold blasphemer trace !
 Who steals his Saviour's crown away,
 To grace a piece of breathing clay !
 And hopes his sov'reign's smile to gain,
 By such a panegyrick prophane !
 Who surely must, with frowns resent,
 So rude, so ill a compliment.

The wond'rous man of GOD's right hand,
 Must in his Father's presence stand,
 And high enthron'd, in awful state,
 Appear his people's advocate ;
 As King of Kings for ever reign,
 'Till all his enemies are slain.

Nor

Nor will we any other own,
 But great JEHOVAH's equal Son.
 No worm of earth can ever shine
 On such a character divine.
 Blush ! then, O ! Priest ! go mourn and weep,
 With contrite heart forgiveness seek.
 But, lo ! perhaps from gracious Rome,
 A pardon is already come !
 If so, no doubt, with tearless eye,
 You boldly may blaspheme and lie.
 Heav'n save us from this black religion,
 Which leads to sin, and sure perdition.

But, O thou wond'rous witty wight,
 If of great things you needs must write,
 Why must thy pen, by malice led,
 Disturb the ashes of the dead ?
 Is not creation wide enough,
 To give of thy great genius proof ?
 That thus, with sacriligious feet,
 You enter that last still retreat
 Of sleeping dust ! to play with death !
 And rave and rail, 'till out of breath,
 To pour contempt (O ! void of shame !)
 On CALVIN's venerable name !
 So Papiſts, from the ſilent tomb,
 To glut the rage of Hell and Rome,
 The bones of WICKLIFFE bore away,
 And triumph'd o'er their mould'ring prey,
 Conſign'd

Consign'd to flames, with solemn toil,
And danc'd (like Indians) round the pile.

Why has thy still insatiate spite,
Recall'd a scene best hid in night?
Ye gloomy shades, conceal the deed,
And let not future nations read
A fact so foul! let it not stain,
The annals of great George's reign.
But why invoke the shades of night,
To hide its horrors from the light!
Vain were the task! th' omniscient eye
Of that great GOD, who reigns on high,
Beheld his great command defy'd,
When murder'd ALLEN fell and dy'd.
With that one view, which all things scan,
He mark'd the day, the place, the man!
Nor sleeps his veng'ance, though delay'd,
Full retribution shall be paid.
Justice, though cheated of her prey
By impious men, another day
Shall claim her due, and her bright sword
Shall deal the wretch his due reward.

But, oh! blood-guiltiness is their's,
The voice of sacred Truth declares,
Who wink at crimes of such a die,
Nor shall they pass unpunish'd by;
Blood unaveng'd, with pow'ful cries,
Assails, and penetrates the skies:

And

And from JEHOVAH's awful throne,
 Oft' brings a fearful vengeance down ;
 Though loth to strike, he long refrain,
 It shall not always cry in vain.

Ye citizens, renown'd and wise,
 High let your gratitude arise ;
 The mighty Poet deigns to shew,
 The most supreme respect for you,
 And courts your friendship in such rhyme,
 (Both song and sentiment sublime)
 That sure your gen'rous hearts must glow,
 Some mark of favour to bestow
 On him, who celebrates your praise,
 In solemn Hudibrastic lays ;
 Kindness so great, in terms so witty,
 Deserves the freedom of the city ;
 Nor can ye surely grudge to give it,
 In box of gold, if he'll receive it,
 In condescension meek and lowly,
 Becoming of a Priest so holy.

Or if that be not thought enough,
 To give of gratitude a proof,
 Employ the sculptor's utmost skill,
 Some lofty vacant nich to fill
 Within your antient hall, and there,
 Where gaping multitudes repair,
 Let WESLEY's statue rise, and show
 How merit to reward you know.

But

But chiefly listen to his song,
 Attention must to that belong ;
 And if you would indeed be wise,
 Obey with speed his sage advice ;
 Let fair Augusta's wealthy sons,
 Deliver up their swords and guns ;
 At least, let Protestants obey,
 And throw those dang'rous things away ;
 For Papists they may keep 'em still,
 From them the state can fear no ill ;
 May exercise them night or day,
 The King's most loyal subjects they.
 Then go with haste, and humbly crave,
 A military band to have,
 To guard your substance, and defend,
 From the approach of foe or friend ;
 Confess your former faults, and own
 The many horrid crimes you've done,
 In daring, (O ! 'twas vile sedition !)
 Like faucy subjects, to petition !
 Urge the request, and remonstrate !
 Was ever insolence so great !
 To bawl redress of grievances,
 Nor let your rulers sleep in peace !

But if you now, with deep contrition,
 Go humbly bow with due submission,
 Your gracious rulers will restrain
 Their high raised wrath, and kindly deign

To.

To pass your faults in silence o'er,
 Provise, you offend no more;
 They'll gen'rously the past forgive,
 And still they'll suffer you to live!

Hear then, ye Cits, and learn to prize
 A bard so keen, a sage so wise;
 High let him sit in your esteem,
 For wisdom sure must die with him.

Before I throw my pen aside,
 Lo! Truth commands the Muse to chide,
 And send this Calm Address to thee,
 Thou writer of scurrility.
 O! can'st thou, shameless, rear thy head,
 And hear thy black indictment read!
 For in the awful name of Him,
 Who reigns b'tween the seraphim,
 Their mighty Lord, th' eternal King,
 This sad, this solemn charge I bring;
 A charge of complicated evil,
 That, at the instance of the Devil,
 Being void of holy fear and shame,
 And, with a most mischievous aim,
 Spite unprovok'd, malice *propense*,
 Thy pen hath slander'd innocence;
 Forgetful of thy maker's laws,
 To plead his foes unhallow'd cause,
 Has boldly plung'd into a sea
 Of folly, falsehood, blasphemy,

Has

Has reason, truth, and conscience sold,
And bow'd before a god of gold.

Let not thine heart with anger glow,
Though harsh my lays, from Truth they flow;
Let Conscience speak, regard her plea,
Thou know'st I have not slander'd thee.
But if thine indignation rise,
O! let it inward turn its eyes,
Thy greatest foe must then appear,
O! spend thine indignation there.
Blush! if thou can'st! and let thy face
The'semblance wear of that sweet grace,
Repentance nam'd! yet that were mean,
Best let the real man be seen;
Hypocrisy's a poor disguise,
It can but screen from creatures eyes.

Gentle Reader,

Had I been possessed of that bright genius which shines so eminently in Mr. Charles Wesley, I might have saved myself the trouble of animadverting on his Poem; but being only led by that silly guide *common sense*, I find I quite misunderstood his meaning, as he has declared to a friend he wrote it intirely in an *ironical* sense, and it should be *so understood* by his readers! What a pity he did not favor us with a key to it, to inform us, that when he blasphemously compliments his Sovereign with the august title of the man of God's right hand, his meaning was, very obligingly to place him among the goats on his left; and so on of the rest.

I call upon Mr. Charles Wesley to deny, if he can, that he has been constrained to take refuge under so weak a subterfuge, so jesuitical an evasion,

An

An Address to the Protestant Association.

HAIL ! Britons ! Hail ! associate band !
 Who, bold for Truth, united stand,
 Resolv'd to oppose the scarlet whore,
 Though men may frown, and devils roar.
 'Tis well resolv'd, O ! noble zeal !
 May ev'ry breast in Britain feel
 Its sacred influence, and glow
 With holy, gen'rous ardour too :
 'Tis GOD whose cause you undertake,
 'Tis for your king and country's sake,
 To guard your dearest rights, and prove
 Heav'n's sacred gifts ye prize and love.

Heav'n views the great, the good design,
 And smiles propitious ; gracious sign
 Of approbation ; let it cheer
 Your hopes, and dissipate your fear.
 O ! fear not men, they're made of clay,
 And, like a shadow, pass away :
 They threat, and devils roar in vain,
 They're fetter'd foes, an unseen chain,
 More strong than adamant, confines
 And curbs their rage, breaks their designs,
 Their deep laid plots mars, and confounds
 And circumscribes their utmost bounds,
 When the loud storm in fury roars,
 And bursting clouds a deluge pours,

When

When blustering winds sweep o'er the plain,
 And all the tempest's horrid train,
 The stately cedar braves their rage,
 Victorious still from age to age :
 It nods, it bows its leafy head,
 And bends at times, as hard bestead.
 Perhaps some wither'd branches fall,
 Yet the tree stands in spite of all ;
 Uprears its lofty head again,
 And stands more firm to grace the plain.

So shall ASSOCIATION rise,
 Superior to their enemies :
 Tho' Hell and Rome unite their pow'rs,
 The wish'd success shall still be our's ;
 Error shall stoop, and Babel fall,
 And Truth shall triumph over all.

Go then, ye champions for your GOD,
 Follow the track your father's trod ;
 Be zealous ! it will glory bring
 To GOD, your country, and your king.
 Be firm ! your enemies will flee ;
 For what's your foe, but Popery.
 Be temp'rate, and, with steady eye,
 Look to the monarch of the sky ;
 His name you bear, his cause you plead,
 Lo ! faith and patience shall succeed.
 And thou ! Britannia's favourite son !
 In this great cause go chearful on.

O! no-

O ! noble Briton ! gen'rous youth !
 Thou living martyr for the truth !
 Whose weal is Heav's peculiar care,
 Still in this glorious cause appear,
 And all thy pleasing eloquence,
 Employ in sacred Truth's defence ;
 Thy great example shall inspire
 Th' associate band with noble fire :
 This lesson shall they learn from thee,
 To suffer with true dignity ;
 Joyful forsake their all, as meet,
 And lay it at their master's feet :
 If suff'ring is the appointed way,
 What coward soul would run away !

Forgive the Muse her artless song,
 Her warmest praise must do thee wrong ;
 That shining worth her feeble lyre
 Cannot describe ; she must admire,
 And own how weak her numbers be,
 O ! GORDON ! when she sings of Thee.

F I N E S.

1793

TO THE HONORABLE THE SECRETARY OF STATE
FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED
IN WITNESS WHEREOF
I have hereunto set my hand and the Great Seal of Great Britain
this 17th day of January 1793
GEORGE III



BY APPOINTMENT SECRETARY OF THE ARMY
JAMES HAMILTON

PRINTED BY

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TRUE PROTESTANTS NO TURNCOATS,

OR SIX PLAIN REASONS given why Protestants of all Denominations should oppose the Growth and Establishment of Popery, with the greatest Vigour and without Delay; earnestly addressed to every Man in his Senses. EZRA ix. 4, 14.

1. **B**ECAUSE one of the principal Tenets of Popery, is to destroy all Heretics off the Face of the Earth.
2. Because the Papists are taught to believe and esteem every one a Heretic who does not belong to the Church of Rome.
3. Because the Doctrines of Popery are inconsistent with Reason and diametrically opposite to Common Sense, witness the Doctrine of *Transubstantiation*.
4. Because Popery encourages Persecution, and countenances Murder; witness the Martyrs in bloody Queen Mary's Reign, and the Inquisition in Spain and Portugal in the present Day.
5. Because the Doctrines of Popery are not according to Godliness, as they allow Pardons for Sins past, present and to come to be bought or purchased with Money, so that any one may commit the greatest Crimes with Impunity, if he does but pay the Popish Priest a few Guineas for his Absolution.
6. Because Popery in the general leads to the grossest Idolatry and Superstition, as it enjoins the Worshipping of *Angels, Relics, &c.* and Bowing down to and Adoration of the *Host*, a consecrated Wafer; something like what Children call, a *Jack in the Box*.

How far the foregoing Reasons may be allow'd as insuperable Objections to the Reception or Encouragement of Popery, let Common Sense, Reason and true Piety determine.

A CAUTION TO THE UNWARY.

IT is well known that several Popish Priests since the Repeal of the Act against Popery, have made it a Practice to travel thro' the different Counties of England and Wales, to make Profelytes, especially among the *Poor*; the Method they use is, when they meet with any Persons who are in such low Circumstances as to be unable to pay for their Children's Education abroad and hardly able to maintain them at home, they readily offer (and frequently with Success, as it is no small Temptation to such Persons and in such Circumstances), to take and clothe and educate their Children at their own Expence, by which Means such Children are naturally brought up in the Roman Catholic Faith, and the Parents themselves lur'd by pecuniary Gifts are too often induced to embrace the same, for the Sake of obtaining the Mammon of Unrighteousness,

Forewarn'd—Forearm'd.

W.

THE LANCET, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1852.

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A CAUTION TO THE LANCET.

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